

Digital Girl (feat. Kanye West & the-Dream)

Jamie Foxx

Yeah, girl, you so sexy though
I should just lay at your feet I wanna see what's under there
There now put it in the air
Yeah, load it on my MacBook Air
It's a new form of mackin'
Don't be old fashioned update your passion Only reason why I be eye chattin'
It's when it's time for some action
I wanna hit it way, way out like John Paxton
But for now I just gotta watch her practice Send her a picture so she see it
She says, "I can't believe it"
Oh, she all on me, on me
Oh, I think she want me, want me
I think she showed her homies
Why? 'Cause all the homies on me
Ayo, all the digital gonna have to do for now
But I'ma break it down when I get by your town I love it, girl
The way you bring your light into this room
I love it, girl
The way your legs tied up when they're in them shoes, oh I love it, girl
The way your lips looks after you apply the gloss
I love you, girl, girl
You look right in the screen and take it off, off See I can't wait till I get a little taste of you
And I just upgraded to 1080i, hi-def just for you My digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
She's my digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
She's my digital girl
My homies never seen
But I always got you right here for me
Yeah, tucked in my Louis computer bag
Wherever you are, I could be I'll type you a message for the next send off
You shoot me a video and then I'd load
Even though I hate this distance, it keeps me persistent
One day I'll have your ass up in this kitchen My digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
She's my digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
My digital girl Not a day goes by, shawty
Without you on my mind, shawty
I don't care what you wear
Baby, I wanna see what's under there When you seen the picture cut off the face
Now cover up the tattoo by the waist
Let the MC search till I reach third base
And when I get home I'ma hit home plate
Wait, would this be considered our first date? Yay, this picture just looks so trash
Your body make a baller spend cook coked cash

Plus every good girl wanna go bad
And poles in the mag like Stacy Dash Or Kim Kardashian and be a lady addict
You know what's a crazy thing?
Some girls would make you wait longer than A. C. Green
Passion of the Christ, thirty three year old virgin That's disrespectful, baby, don't encourage him
I like them brown, yellow, Puerto Rican or Persian
Dashiki, kimono or turban
They say I dress white but my swag so urban Tryin' my work, I hear the way the text say
'Baby, you up, question mark'
She was my yes, S S I R My digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
My digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
My digital girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl
Girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl

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